PRIEST
14

Manga
Action/Horror
USA $9.99

PRIEST

Stygian Mode

In his unyielding battle to quench a thirst for vengeance, Ivan Isaacs must now do a twisted tango with his most tantalizing opponent yet: Armand, Temozarela's right-hand angel. As the battle intensifies between the two, Ivan takes a vicious beating and becomes impaled on Armand's sword. But the blow only seems to fuel Ivan's burning desire for revenge—he is looking for a little payback, and will kill anybody who crosses his path!

"Not many books have succeeded in fusing such unabashed and exhilarating action with such spiky intellectual matters. Let's face it, not many books have tried."
-Mike Carey, writer for Lucifer and Hellblazer

"Part Spaghetti Western, part *Resident Evil*...Action junkies will not be disappointed."
-Scott Green, Aint-It-Cool-News

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OLDER TEEN
AGE 16+

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PRIEST

VOLUME 14

BY

MIN-WOO HYUNG

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THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

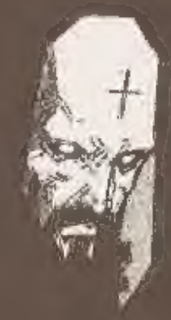
During the war against Lucifer, the archangel Temozarela led the agents of light. In the years that followed, Temozarela watched as God's attention shifted from his seraphim to his new creation—man. Jealousy caused Temozarela and his disciples to abandon their heavenly post and attempt to corrupt humanity to prove the superiority of the seraphim to God. During the Crusades he attempted to begin his plan, but Belial sealed him in the Domas Porada for 500 years. Now, released by Ivan Isaacs, Temozarela is free again, but too weak to carry out his dark designs. His disciples have begun sanctifying the ground in the American West, spreading plague and death in preparation for the Unholy Sabbath.

TEMOZARELA

FATHER IVAN ISAACS

Ivan Isaacs was a young priest with a passion for ancient cultures when he was recruited to study the Domas Porada. Little did he know that this mission would be his last—at least his last in life. After helping revive an ancient battle for Heaven and Earth, Ivan and his beloved Gena were slain. In order to get revenge and atone for endangering the world, Ivan made a pact with the devil Belial: his soul in exchange for a second chance at life ... and superhuman strength. Now Ivan wanders the Old West, hunting down Temozarela's disciples and keeping a journal of his tragic tale.

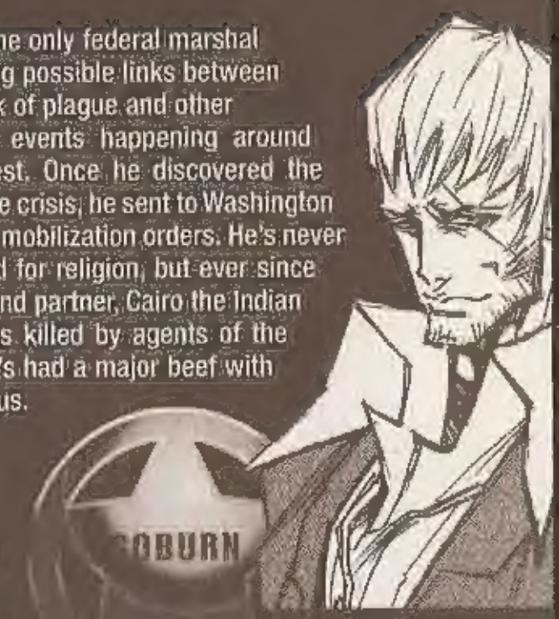
The devil Belial makes Ivan his agent in the mortal world so that he may battle the agents of the fallen archangel Temozarela, who is planning an upheaval of Heaven and Hell. Belial used to be Betheal, a Catholic priest in the Middle Ages where he was a prosecutor in trials of heresy. After Temozarela shattered his faith, Betheal turned himself into the demon Belial in order to get his revenge.



BELIAL

A gang leader whose life was saved by Ivan Isaacs, but not before she became infected with Temozarela's zombie curse. She was taken into custody by Coburn, and for a while she helped the lawman in his search for Ivan. Lizzie escaped, and has since joined up with another band of outlaws. Her current whereabouts are unknown.

Coburn is the only federal marshal investigating possible links between an outbreak of plague and other mysterious events happening around the Old West. Once he discovered the extent of the crisis, he sent to Washington for military mobilization orders. He's never much cared for religion, but ever since his friend and partner, Cairo the Indian tracker, was killed by agents of the Vatican, he's had a major beef with the righteous.



The Grand Priest in Temozarela's baptism of blood. His loyalties are to his dark lord alone, and he will destroy anyone who dares interfere with his master's plans—even his own comrades.

The "Guardian Saint" of Windtale. This gypsy dancer takes care of a troupe of misfit performers who have recently taken up residence just outside of town. Ivan Isaac's arrival in town endangers the delicate peace she's managed to keep. Her faithful companion is the spirit-wolf Bendo, summoned by her will. And what of her relationship with Temozarela?

THE STORY SO FAR...

I know that I'm not supposed to write in Nera's book, but she said it was okay this time. She must be happy because we're finally getting a chance to put on a show, because usually she wouldn't let me, but this time she said it was okay, so you'd better not yell at me, because if you yell too loud the evil priest with the cross on his head that old Baba keeps warning us about might hear you and come shoot you.

I know the people in Windtale don't like us very much. I'm not sure why because we're not bad people. Sure, sometimes Mosh gets a little cranky and people get hurt and Bobo likes to chase after horses, but they don't mean any harm. They just don't know any better. When we first came to Windtale, Nera told us that we'd be able to stay here awhile, but Sam says we'll be moving again before spring. The people here have been getting agitated. Usually Nera calms them down when they get agitated, but this time Mr. Dudley's involved, and even though she never says it, I can tell that Mr. Dudley scares Nera. Mr. Dudley scares everyone.

Too bad he can't be more like his son, Ashley. Ashley's real nice. In fact, don't tell her that I told you, but I think Nera's a little sweet on him. Otherwise, why'd she ask us to put on our show for him?

PRIEST

14

BACK IN THE OLD WORLD, FAR TO THE EAST, BEYOND WHERE THE SUN RISES, GYPSIES TELL THIS TALE TO COMFORT THEIR WEARY HEARTS IN TIMES OF HARDSHIP.

THEY KNOW THE SAD SONG OF HEAVEN HIDDEN BY THE CLOUDS.
COUNTING THE STARS AT NIGHT, WARMING THEMSELVES BY THE CAMPFIRE, THEY TELL THESE STORIES OF ANGELS IN LOVE.

THE THING ABOUT BEING A PRIEST IS

NO ONE EVER THINKS TO INVITE YOU TO THEIR PARTIES

SO I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME

FOR INVITING MYSELF TO YOURS!

TO YOU, OUR UNINVITED GUEST...

FLOWERS OF CONSOL-ATION!!

THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS GIVES ME A HEADACHE

BESIDES, I DON'T NEED YOUR CONSOLATION

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME I'VE CRASHED SOMEONE ELSE'S PARTY

WHIRL

MY LORD HAS CHARGED ME WITH KEEPING THE RIFFRAFF FROM THIS HOLY PLACE.

AND I'M AFRAID YOUR NAME WAS NOT ON THE GUEST LIST.

I WARN YOU ONE LAST TIME, PILGRIM OF THE SANCTUARY-- TURN BACK!!

TEMOZARELA'S LACKEY!

ARE YOU WAITING FOR MY ANSWER?

PZT

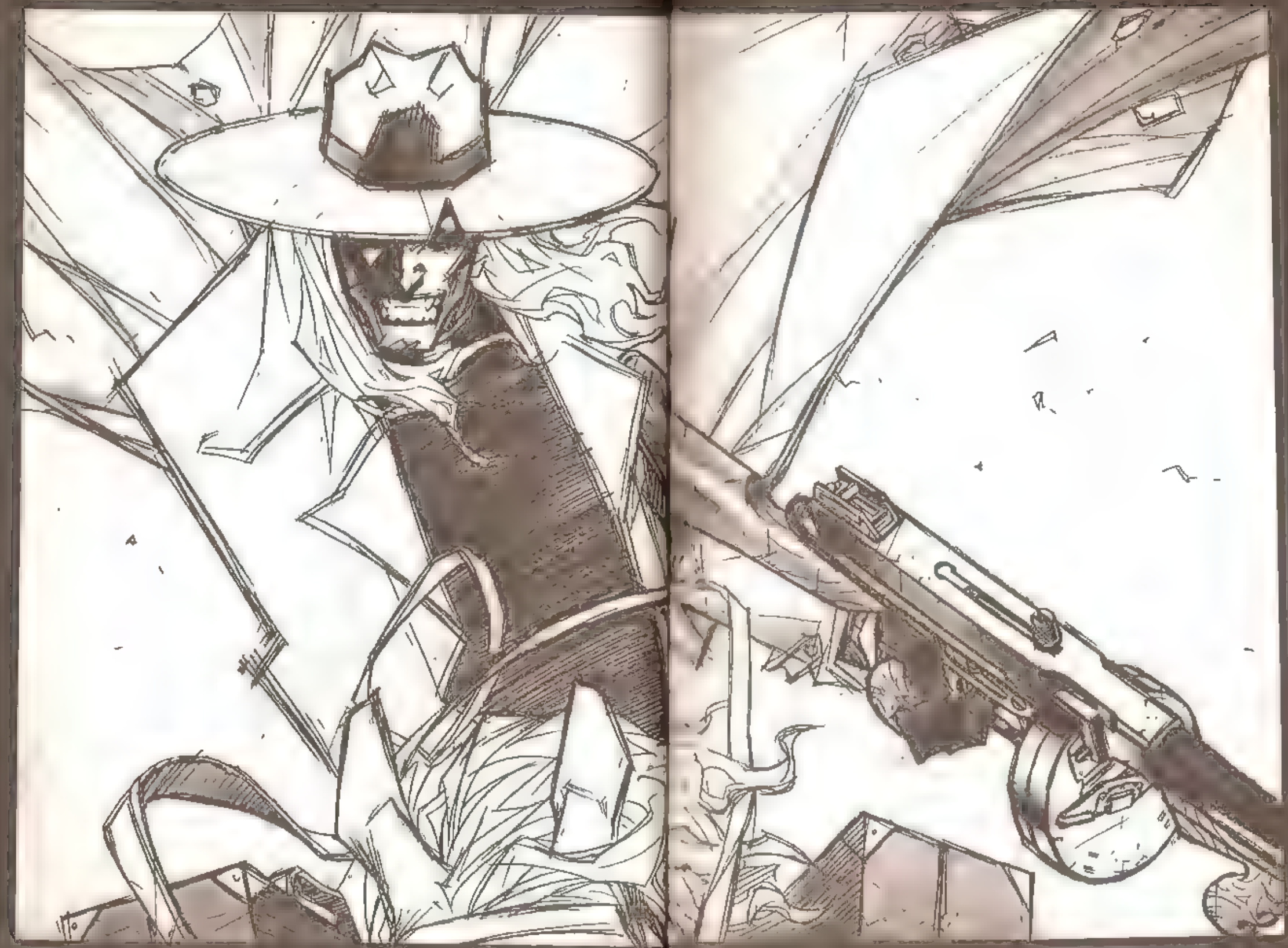
NO NEED FOR THAT LOOK OF CONCERN, BELIAL!

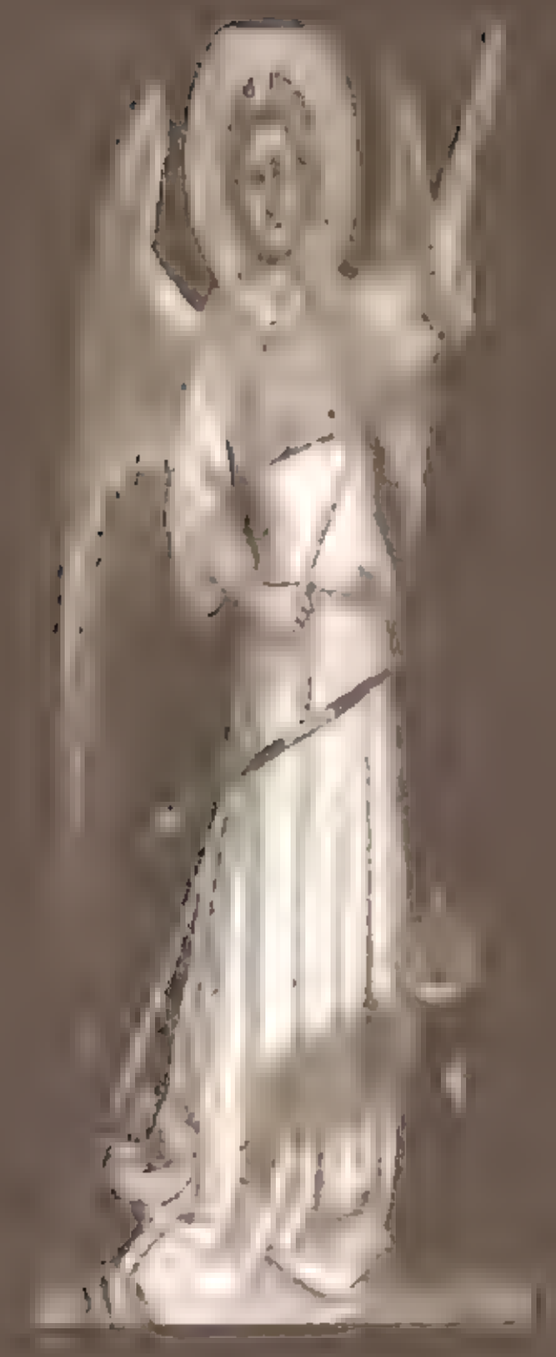
IF YOUR PITIFUL HOST DIES HERE...

...PERHAPS YOU WILL AT LAST ACCEPT YOUR PLACE IN THE CIRCLE.

STAND BACK YOU FOOL!

YOUR FURY CANNOT BREAK HIS SWORD YET!





THANK YOU FOR WAITING!

NEXT, WE HAVE THE PRIDE OF OUR SHOW!!

NER
AND H
DANC
OF
DEATH

SMILE

WA T

SHE'S BLIND-FOLDED!

NERA, PLEASE DON'T DO THIS ON MY ACCOUNT

HEY, SHUT UP AND ENJOY THE SHOW!

DON'T WORRY, ASHLEY.

I'VE DONE THIS A HUNDRED TIMES IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHETHER I CAN SEE OR NOT.

T A
RL
W
F A
TLE,
AY?

PLEASE... I DON'T WANT YOU TO--!!

DON'T WORRY. NERA'S THE **BEST.**

FOR AN AUDIENCE OF ONE, THIS SURE IS A NOISY SHOW.

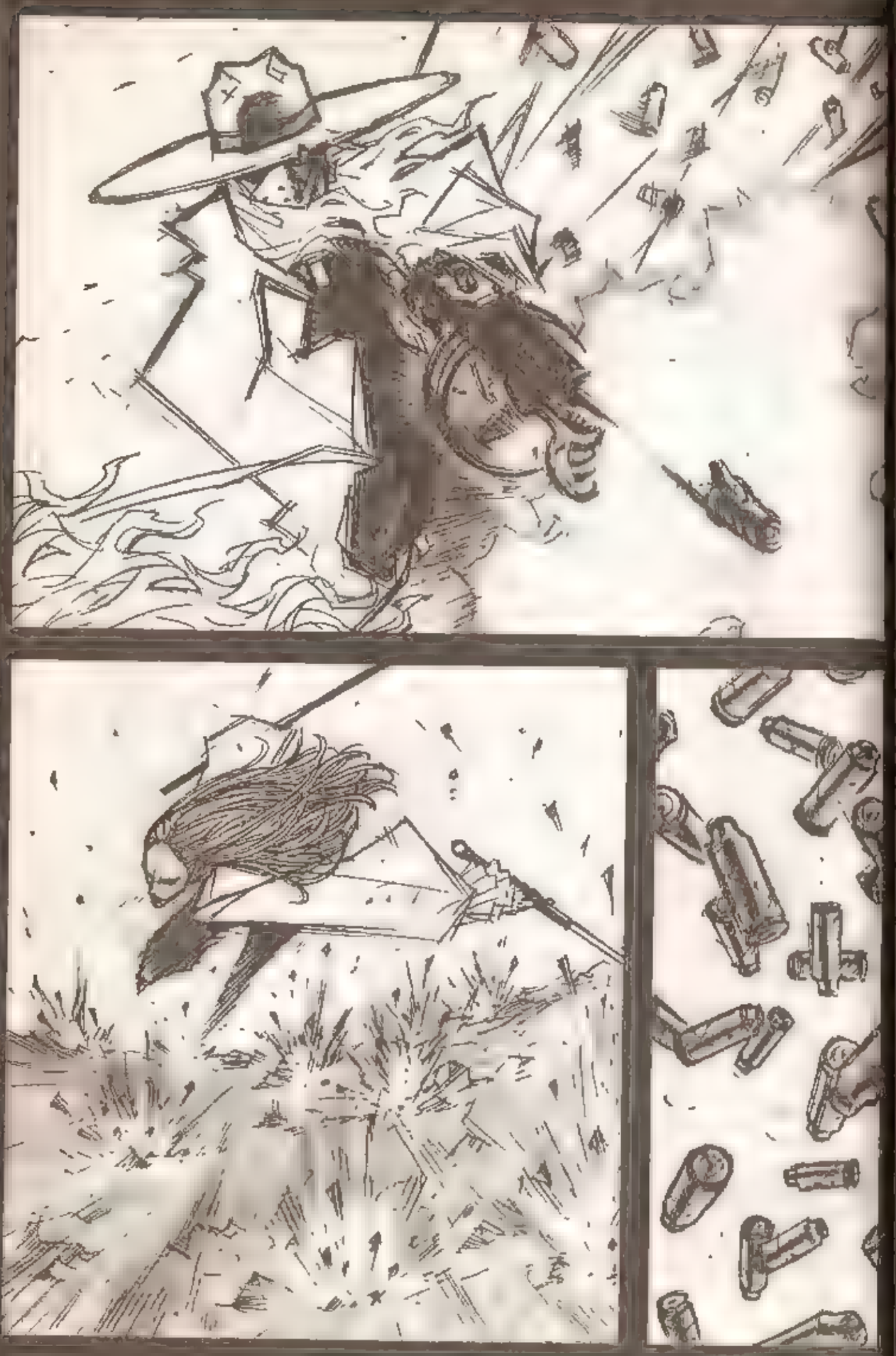
IT'S BEEN A WHILE, FONDO.

NERA...

WITH THIS INJURY, I CAN'T PROMISE YOU THAT I'LL BE MY USUAL SELF

THAT DOESN'T MATTER, OLD FRIEND.

IF FATE THROWS US A SURPRISE, WE ROLL WITH IT THAT'S THE WAY OF THE DANCE.



THWACK!

THWACK!

I AM FORBIDDEN TO USE MY HOLY POWERS -

...AGAINST YOU AT PRESENT.

FATE HAS TURNED ITS EYES AWAY FROM YOU FOR A MOMENT, IVAN.

I'M ONLY HUMAN NOW. WILL YOU KILL ME AND ATTEMPT TO CHANGE YOUR FATE?

I COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT MY FATE IS

BUT WELCO EVE OPPORTU TO KI TEMOZAN APDO

"HRUE"

CLICK

KA-CHING!!

CLICK!!

KA-CHING!

CLUNK!

PSHH

SNAP!!

IVAN...

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO *SLEEP* FOR A WHILE

YOU HAVE NO ROLE TO PLAY...

...ON THIS ACCURSED STAGE.

THWACK!!

!

!

DRIP

THAT IDIOT...!!

NERA!!

A HA...

NE... NERA!

OOPS!

I GUESS I'M REALLY OUT OF PRACTICE!

HA HA HA!

UGH!

DO YOU FEEL PAIN?

..BUT I CANNOT SEE HOW SOMEONE AS WEAK AS YOU CAN PLAY SUCH AN IMPORTANT ROLE.

I DON'T DOUBT MY LORD'S WORD...

YOUR HEART IS BOUND, IVAN.

A NEW KIND OF PAIN, NO?

YOUR ANGER AND OBSESSION ARE GREAT, BEYOND ANY A MERE MAN MIGHT HOLD...

...BUT ARE THEY GREAT ENOUGH TO SHAPE THE DESTINY OF THE SANCTUARY?

DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO REMOVE IT.

ARE YOU REALLY THE ONE STANDING AT THE PINNACLE OF OUR FATE?

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU HAVE REALIZED?

HOW DOES IT REMAIN HIDDEN FROM MY LORD?

TELL ME, BELIAL. IF I DISOBEY HIS COMMAND AND KILL THIS MAN HERE AND NOW, WILL HE STILL BE THE ONE WHO DETERMINES OUR FATE?

GET

GET OUT

DON'T MEDDLE IN MY BUSINESS NETRAPHIM

!

SHING!

SHING!

PANT

PANT

PANT

PANT

PANT

GRRR...

PANT

PANT

WE HAVE COMPANY.

IT SEEMS LIKE FATE IS CONSPIRING TO KEEP YOU ALIVE.

HOW ABOUT A SHOW OF GRAT TUDE...

...FOR THE DEFERMENT FATE HAS GRANTED TO YOUR DEATH?

HEH HEH HEH

BEFORE I DO

... SEE YOU GIVE THANKS TO GOD FOR YOUR FATE

THUNK!!

GRRRR...

CLANG!!

WHOOSH!

SNIK

SHEATHE YOUR FANGS, DEAD BEAST!

I KNOW YOUR MISTRESS' WILL.

I WILL NOT KILL HIM MY MASTER HAS NOT PERMITTED ME TO.

TAKE HIM TO HER AS SHE HAS COMMANDED YOU.

LET HIM KNOW THAT HE HAS NO ROLE TO PLAY IN THIS DRAMA.

HE HAS NO CHOICE NOW THAT...

...I'VE BOUND HIS HEART.

ARRGH!

NETRAPHIM... IS THIS THE COMPASSION THE DAMNED SHOW EACH OTHER?

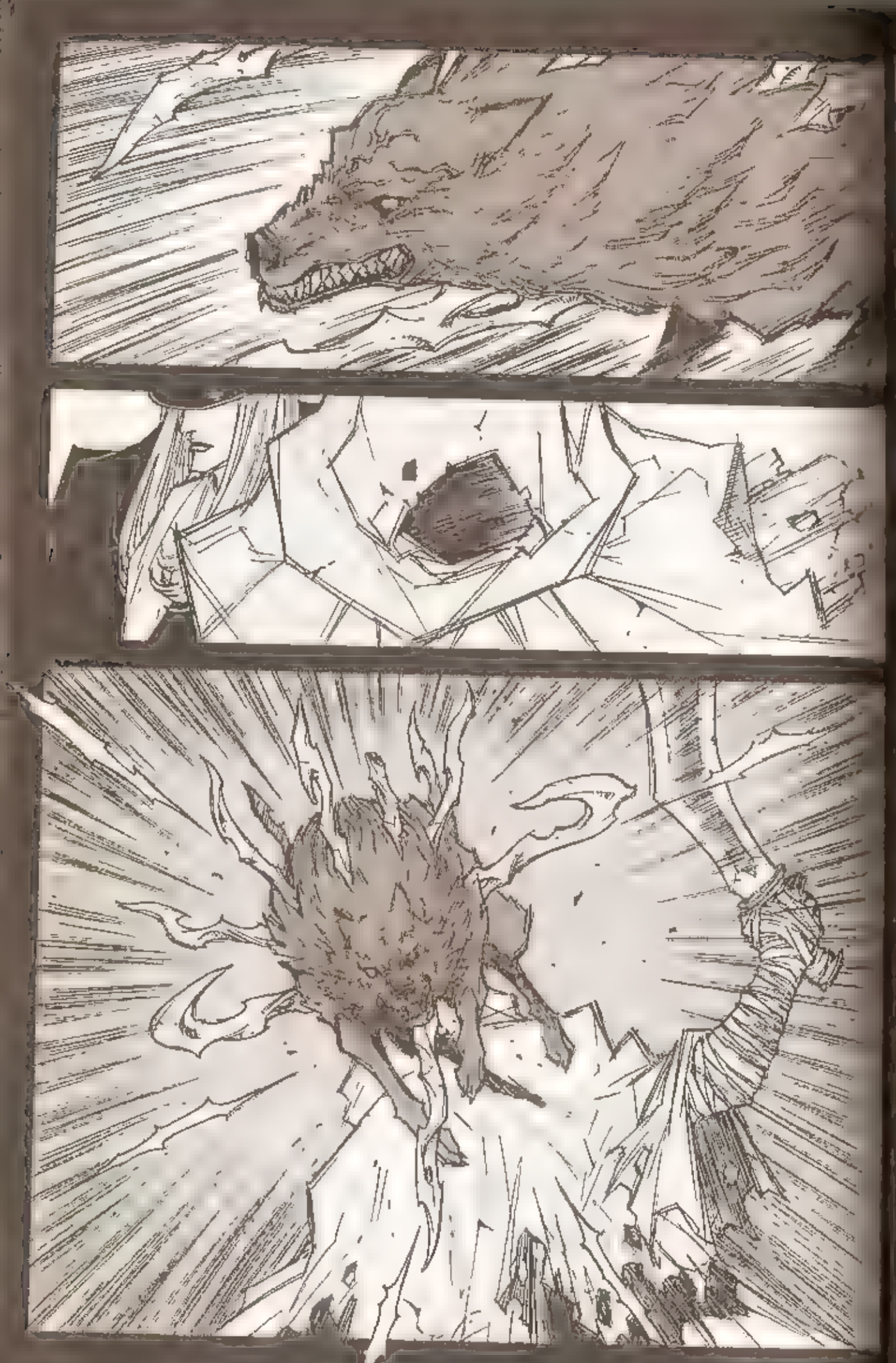
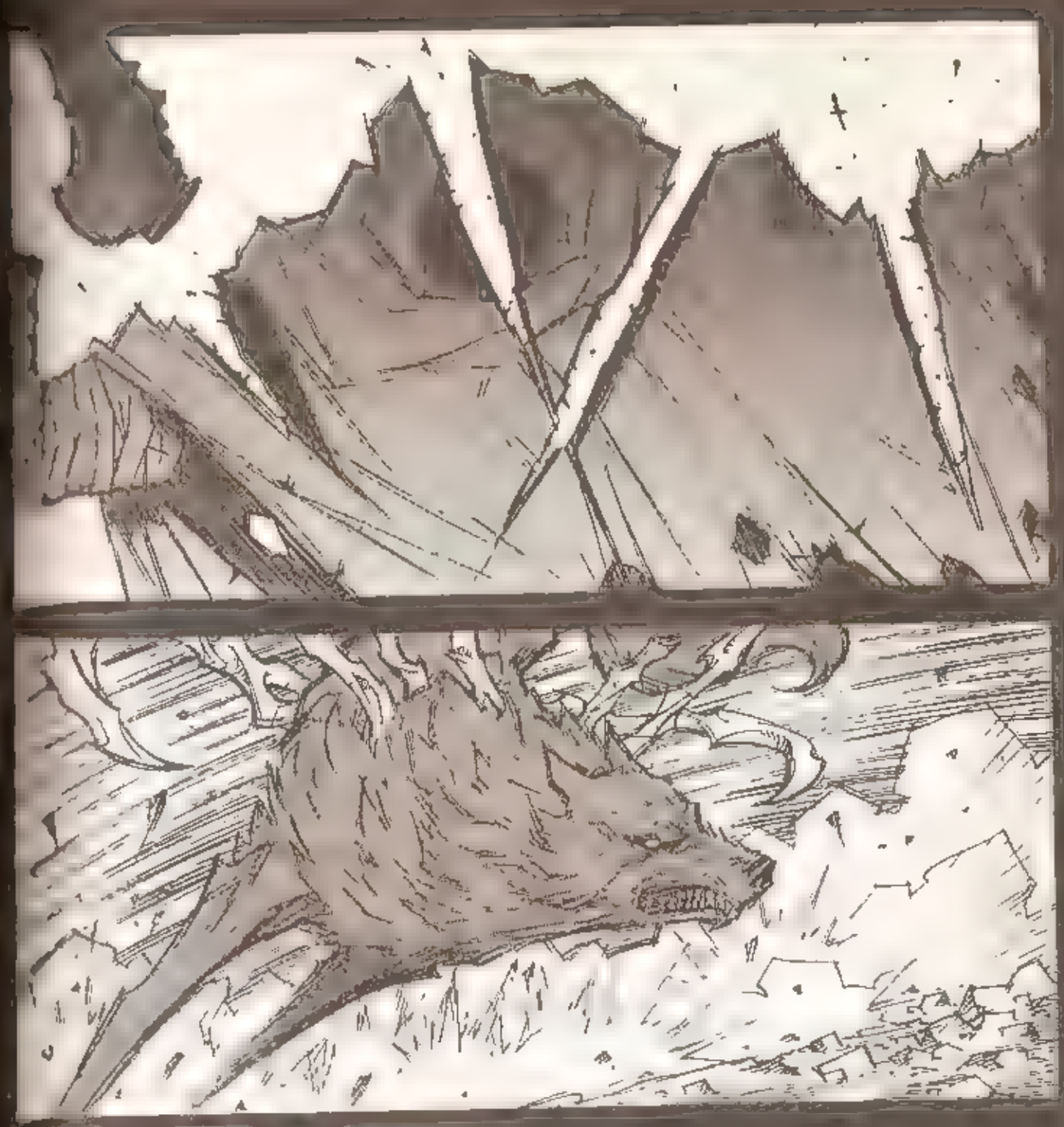
THE UTTER FOOLISHNESS OF IT ALL FILLS ME WITH SORROW.

ARMAND!!

DON'T FORGET THE FEELING YOU HAD AS YOU PIERCED MY HEART!

PERHAPS, IVAN, PERHAPS...

THAT WILL BE THE DAY OF THE FEAST FOR OUR SOULS

SPUNK!

KRICK

KRICK

KRICK

TOPF

IVAN! OPEN YOUR EYES AND SEE THE MISERY AND IMPOTENCE...

...OF THOSE WHO RESIST THEIR FATE!

LET THE TOWNS-PEOPLE KNOW, WILL YOU?

LET THEM KNOW HOW WONDERFUL OUR PERFORM-ANCE IS

WE'RE ALWAYS READY.

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL LIKE OUR SHOW, ASHLEY?

YES, DANA.

I'M SURE OF IT.

THANK YOU, NERA.

EVERYONE, THANKS SO MUCH.

IT WAS A FANTASTIC SHOW.

HA HA.

I PROMISE YOU...

HA HA HA...

DID YOU SEE THAT, CLIFFORD?

LOOKS TO ME THAT THE "PRINCE OF WIND-TALE".

...IS IN LOVE.

NEIGH!

PAT

HEH HEH HEH

I WANTED TO START THE PARTY EVEN BEFORE THE FEAST BEGAN *COUGH!*

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH BLOOD I'VE LOST THE SHARD OF HIS SWORD WON'T COME OUT

THAT'S NO ORDINARY BLADE.

HIS SWORD SIGNIFIES THE BINDING OF YOUR SOUL.

YOU WERE POWERLESS BEFORE *AMANDIEL* IN HIS HUMAN FORM.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN CHALLENGE TEMOZARELA?

YOU SHOULD KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT FUTILITY, NETRAPHIM

WHAT POWER I HAVE COMES FROM HAVING NOTHING TO LOSE!

HEH HEH HEH DON'T PITY ME BITCH

I'LL KILL YOU TOO THE MOMENT I HAVE A CHANCE

MY STUBBORNESS IS THE ONLY WEAPON I HAVE. *COUGH...*

YOU'RE WRONG, IVAN.

YOU DO HAVE SOMETHING TO LOSE.

!

RAGE...

AND...THE DESIRE FOR REVENGE!

AAARGH!

UGH!

UGH... AAAAGH!

SHUNK!

...!!

GUGGHHH!

THOSE WITH NOTHING TO LOSE...

...DON'T HAVE BLOOD AS RED AS YOURS.

AAARGHH!!

HUH?

DOUG

AN INDIAN ?

HMM...

GUESS I HIT MY HEAD PRETTY HARD.

TUP TUP

FWIT!

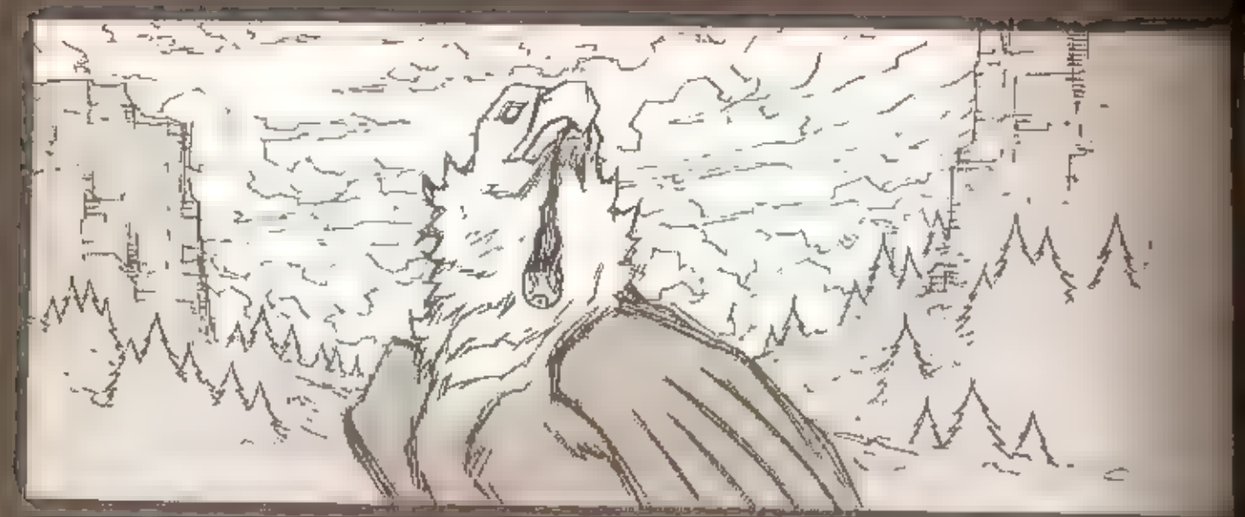
WHOOSH!!

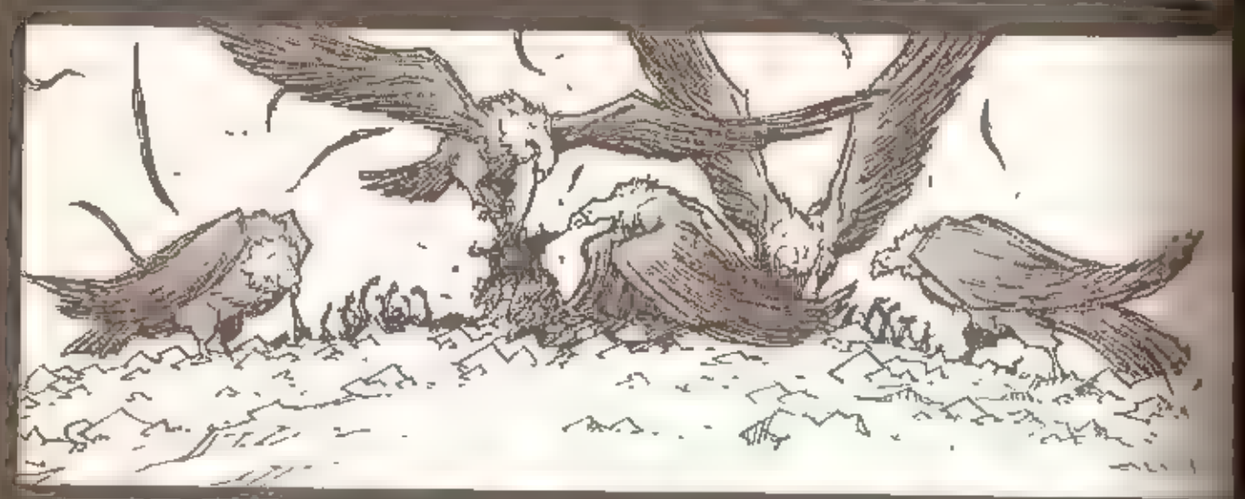
<<I FOUND THEM AT THE MOUTH OF THE VALLEY.>>

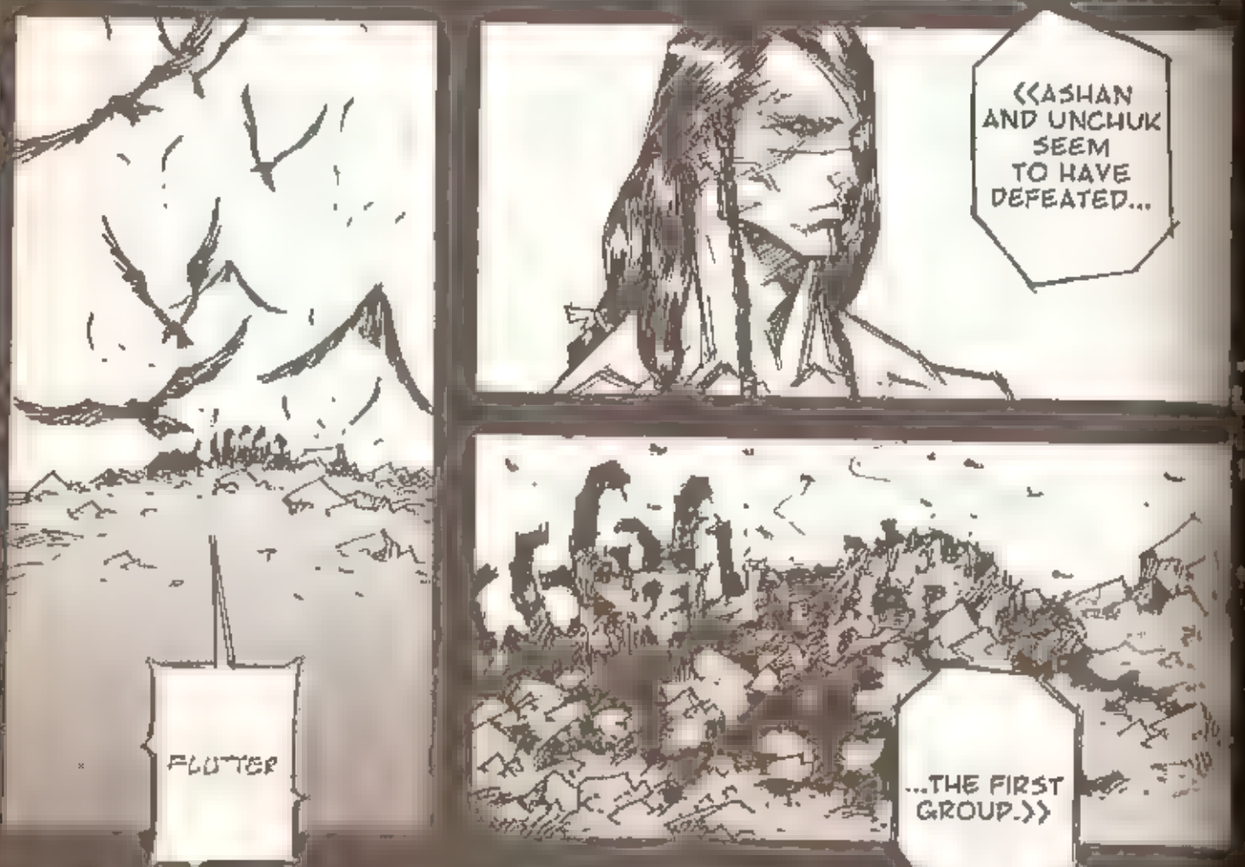
<<THE FIGHT MUST HAVE OCCURRED THREE OR FOUR DAYS AGO.>>

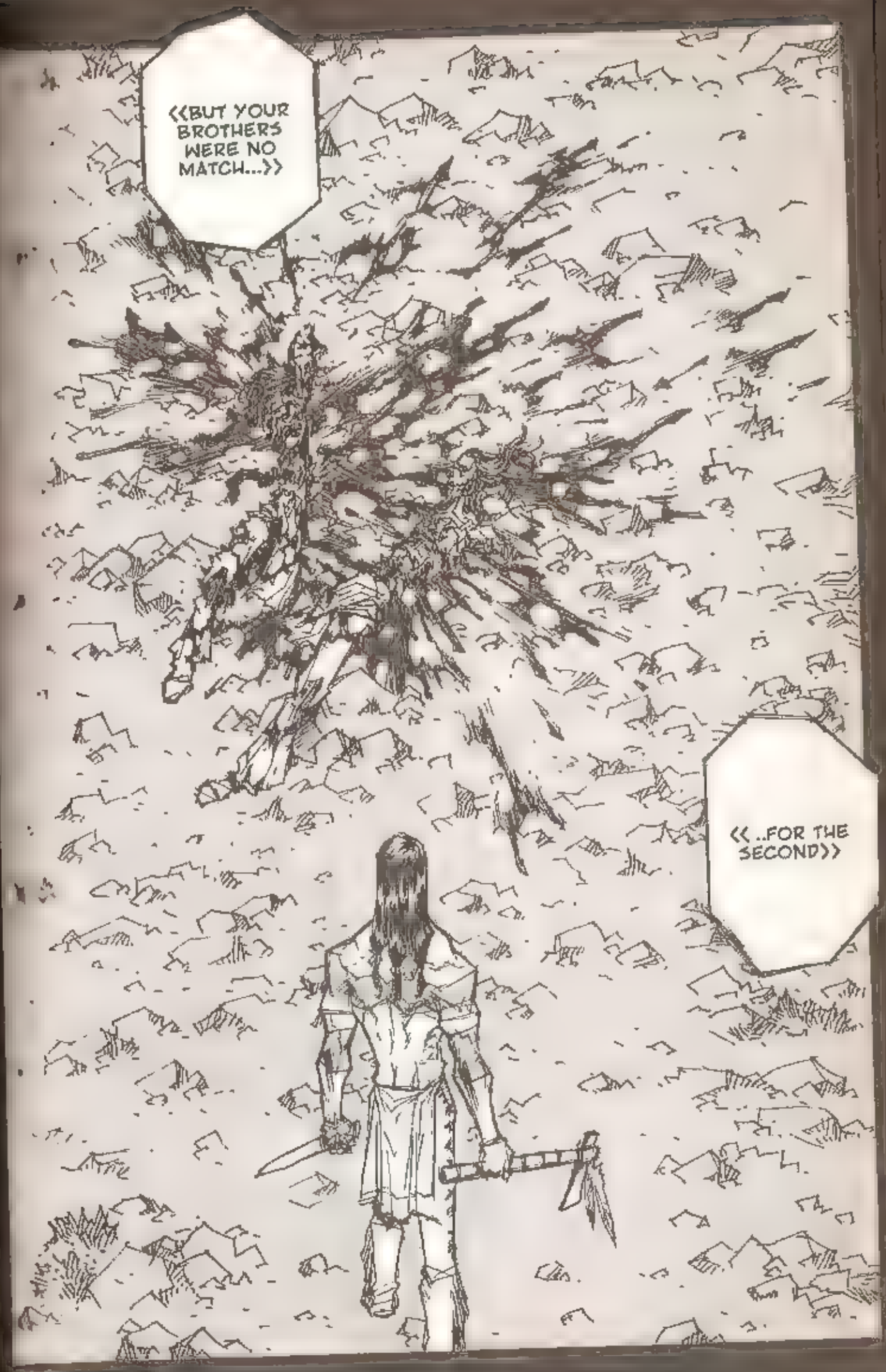
<<THE SULT?>>

.....






FLUTTER
<<ASHAN AND UNCHUK SEEM TO HAVE DEFEATED...
...THE FIRST GROUP.>>


<<BUT YOUR BROTHERS WERE NO MATCH...>>
<<..FOR THE SECOND>>

<<CAIRO ..>>

<<ASHAN ... UNCHUK ...>>

<<ALL SONS OF THE GREAT SHAMOYAN ...>>

<<SO I AM THE LAST ONE...

...WHO INHERITED HIS BLOOD.>>

<<THEIR FIGHT...

.. IS NOW *MINE*.>>

...ESS HOULD ' THIS I' ..

CREAK

A LITTLE LATE TO BE COMING HOME, DON'T YOU THINK?

HAR HAR HAR... I WONDER WHAT A SISSY LIKE YOU.

...WAS DOIN' OUT SO LATE?

GET IN THERE, BOY! DADDY'S WAITIN' FOR YOU

OH...

BY WA

.. I'LL PAY BACK WHAT I OWE YOU...

...WHEN THE TIME COMES.

...

KNOCK KNOCK

...ICK

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING OUT ALL DAY...

.. WHEN THERE'S A PILE OF *WORK* TO DO?

FATHER, THEY WON'T DO ANY HARM TO YOU OR TO THE TOWN.

JUST BECAUSE THEY STAY IN WINDTALE..

DOESN'T MEAN THAT THEY'LL ATTRACT MORE GYPSIES.

THANKS TO YOU, THE ACCOUNTS ARE A MESS.

I THINK YOU AND O'NEAL...

...KNOW PERFECTL. WELL WHERE I'VE BEEN FATHER

T SON'

YOUR MOTHER SAID THE SAME THING WHEN NIGGERS STARTED TO SETTLE HERE 20 YEARS AGO.

SLAM!

I KNOW WHO YOU'VE BEEN WITH.

WHY YO... ME A... YO... B... DA...

!

THEY STARTED A CAMP BY THE RIVER LOOKING FOR GOLD..

...BUT I LEFT THEM ALONE FOR YOUR MOTHER.

OKAY..

SURE ENOUGH, WINDTALE WAS SOON SWARMING WITH THOSE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING DRIFTERS.

THE MISTAKE OF MY LIFE WAS TO LEAVE THEM ALONE, ASHLEY.

BANG BANG!!

THE ROBBER WHO KILLED YOUR MOTHER!

...WAS ONE OF THEM GOLD-DIGGING NIGGERS!

AS YOU WERE WITH HER IN THE BEGINNING, LORD.

.. BE WITH HER IN THE END.

MY CONDOL-ENCES, MR DUDLEY..

SHE WA- A GOO WOMA-

AMEN.

HIC· HIC·

MO...

MOMMY ..

MY WIFE JANE IS DEAD!

YOU'RE GOING TO SIT THERE AND LET THE TRASH CONTINUE TO GATHER IN WINDTALE?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SHERIFF?

MR DUDLEY, BELIEVE ME I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.

BUT THERE'S NO PROOF THAT THE KILLERS WERE AMONG THE MINERS.

IF A RESPECTABLE MAN LIKE YOU...

...STARTS SUSPECTING FOLKS JUST BECAUSE OF THE COLOR OF THEIR SKIN...

...YOU'LL ONLY RILE UP THE TOWNSPEOPLE AGAINST THEM.

SLAM!!

IF YOU TELL ME ONE MORE TIME THAT YOU "*UNDERSTAND*" WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH..

...YOU'LL BE HANGING FROM THE TREE RIGHT NEXT TO THOSE NIGGERS YOU LOVE SO MUCH, REYNOLDS!

I THINK YOU'RE FORGETTING WHO PUT THAT BADGE ON YOUR CHEST

THE REASON YOU'RE SITTING IN THAT CHAIR..

ISN'T BECAUSE THE TOWNSPEOPLE *LIKE* YOU, BUT BECAUSE I DIDN'T OPPOSE YOU

IF YOU DON'T SEE IT THAT WAY, YOU'D BEST TAKE THAT BADGE OFF AND LEAVE TOWN.

NDTALE ...E BUILT ...TH THE ...AT AND ...D OF ...AGEOUS ...NEERS ... YOU'

BUT NOW OUR GREAT TOWN IS BECOMING A GARBAGE DUMP FOR OUTSIDERS.

THEY'RE NOT INTERESTED IN MAKING WINDTALE A *BETTER PLACE*. ALL THEY WANT IS *GOLD!*

...NG ...L WE ... THOSE ...RANTS ...N ALL ...'R OUR ...WN?

THIS TIME THEY TOOK MY WIFE, JANE. BUT WHO'S NEXT? US? OUR *CHILDREN*?

WHO'S RUNNING THE SHOW HERE IN WINDTALE NOW?

IF WE DON'T ACT NOW, THOSE NIGGERS WILL BE WINDTALE'S MASTERS IN A BLINK OF AN EYE!

THERE .!

OVER THERE!

LOOK OVER THERE!

DAD!

DAD!!

AH.

ABRAHAM!

LET THE OTHERS KNOW, HURRY!

TAKE YOUR MOTHER AND SISTERS AND GO HOME!!

HURRY, ABRAHAM!!

DUDLEY.

YOU'LL GO TO HELL FOR THIS.

CLINK!

I COULDN'T SAVE JANE...

...BUT I WAS HONORED TO PROTECT OUR VALUE AND SERVE *JUSTICE*. WINDTALE-STYLE. I KNOW YOUR MOTHER IS SMILING UP IN HEAVEN.

OUR DETERMINATION TO PROTECT WHAT WE'VE BUILT...

...HASN'T CHANGED IN TWENTY YEARS.

FATHER, DON'T JUSTIFY YOUR CRIME IN MOTHER'S NAME.

THE IDEA OF "WINDTALE-STYLE JUSTICE" HAS BEEN *MEANING-LESS*...

...EVER SINCE YOU *MURDERED* THAT BLACK FAMILY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

YOU IMPUDENT *SLUG!*

YOUR MOTHER WOULD BE *ASHAMED* OF YOU!!

NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY, WHAT SAVED WINDTALE FROM THE OUTSIDERS...

...WAS THE *DUDLEY GRIT!*

NO, WHAT YOU'VE PROTECTED IS *WINDTALE GOLD* AND YOU *TOOK ADVANTAGE* OF PEOPLE'S FEAR OF OUTSIDERS TO DO THAT!!

KNOCK KNOCK

!

AHEM... EXCUSE ME...

..BUT I CAN'T WAIT ALL NIGHT FOR YOUR ARGUMENT TO FINISH.

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE ON A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO MR. EVAN DUDLEY, F YOU DON'T MIND.

CLICK

!

ERK!

SMALL SSACK

.ST BALDLAS...

.AND OTHER TOWNS B.G. AND SMALL.

WE'VE TRACED THEIR MOVEMENTS OVER THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS.

...AND WHAT WE'VE CONCLUDED IS *THIS*--

WINDTALE WILL BE THEIR NEXT TARGET.

THAT'S QUITE A STORY.

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.

TAP TAP

THIS EPIDEMIC I'VE HEARD ABOUT IS A VAST CONSPIR-ACY

...INVOLVING THE WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY AND A SECRET ORDER OF PRIESTS.

THAT WHOLE TOWNS ARE BEING SLAUGHTERED, AND WHAT'S MORE, THE DEAD ARE RIS NG FROM THEIR GRAVES?

AND NOW THIS MESS IS ON ITS WAY TO MY LITTLE TOWN OF WINDTALE?

HA HA HA... YOU'RE RIGHT THAT IS A PROBLEM.

FINE. LET'S TACKLE THIS PROBLEM MY WAY, FATHER.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH YOU WANT FROM ME...

...BUT I WILL MAKE A HANDSOME CONTRIBUTION TO YOUR LITTLE "CHARITY ORGANIZ-AT ON"

...ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU STOP THIS FANCIFUL SERMON AND LET ME GET BACK TO MY BOOKS.

MR DUDLEY, I KNOW THE NATURE OF YOUR RELAT ONSHIP TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

I ASSURE YOU, WE'RE NOT HERE TO EXTORT FROM YOU THE GOVERNMENT'S SHARE OF WINDTALE'S GOLD.

I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT IN THE NAME OF GOD..

..EVERY-THING I'VE SAID IS *TRUE*.

WE'RE HERE TO WARN YOU..

...THAT THE LIVES OF WINDTALE'S RESIDENTS HANG IN THE BALANCE.

LOOK HERE, FATHER.

LET'S JUST SAY THAT I "BELIEVE" ALL THAT BUS NESS ABOUT THE "HOLY BLOODSHED"

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WINDTALE RESIDENTS WILL GO ALONG WIT.. WHAT YOU SAY?

SINCE WHEN DID YOU START CARING ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S OPIN.ONS?

DON'T YOU HAVE WINDTALE IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND?

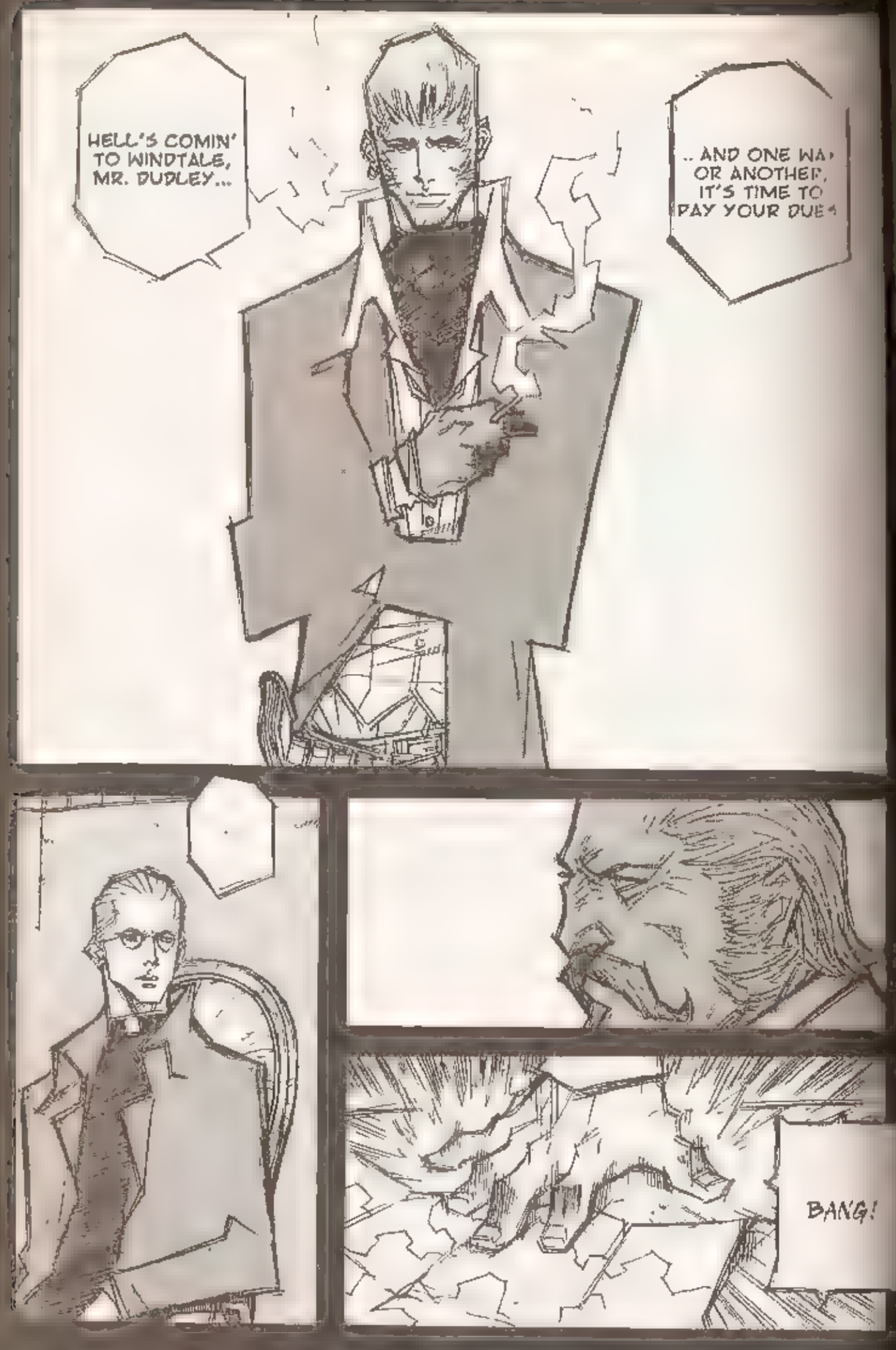
MY HAT'S OFF TO YOU, MR. DUDLEY.

YOU'VE GREASED THE LOCAL MILITIA AND EVEN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO MAINTA N YOUR SOLE CONTROL OVER WINDTALE.

I SUSPECT YOUR ..WERS ..MAN P.. ..AT ON..

BUT EVEN *YOU* CAN'T WEASEL OUT OF WHAT LIES AHEAD.

FSSHT


HELL'S COMIN' TO WINDTALE, MR. DUDLEY...
.. AND ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, IT'S TIME TO PAY YOUR DUES
BANG!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU *THUGS* ARE AFTER...

...BUT I'D ADVISE YOU AGAINST THREATENING ME IN MY OWN OFFICE.

MR. DUDLEY, ALL WE'RE TRYING TO DO--

IT'S NO USE, FATHER.

LET'S CALL IT A DAY.

TOSS

FOOD...

IT'S A GOOD THING, TOO...

HIS BAD ATTITUDE WAS MAKING MY TRIGGER FINGER ITCH.

WHAT'S A MAN LIKE YOU DOING SLAVING AWAY FOR THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT?

WHAT A TERRIBLE WASTE.

MR. DUDLEY ..

IT MIGHT BE PRESUMPTUOUS OF ME TO SAY TH S..

THANKS TO THE IDIOT OFFICERS YOU'VE ROUGHT OUT ..

THE MOBILIZATION OF FORCES I REQUESTED WILL BE SEVERELY DELAYED

WHO WOULD HAVE HIS HOMETOWN BE FORGOTTEN BY THE WORLD..

...AND NOT THOSE OF A MAN...

...WHO WISHES TO PROTECT TOWN HE LOVES

FORGOTTEN OR VIOLATED...

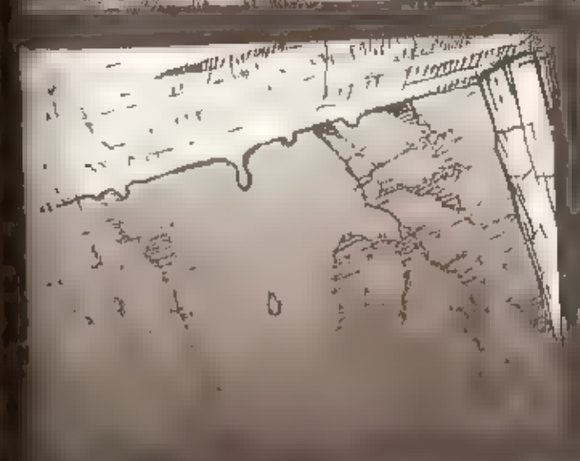
EITHER WAY, THIS TOWN IS *FUCKED.*

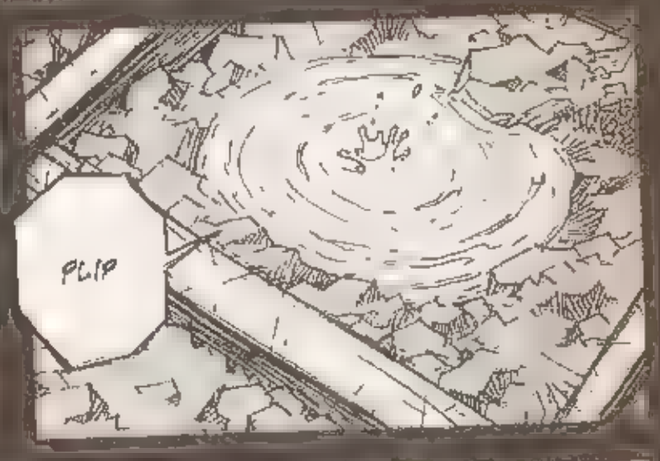
IT'S BETTER TO BE FORGOTTEN

...THAN TO BE *VIOLATED.*

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT.

PLIP




PLIP

PLIP

OPEN YOUR EYES AND LOOK AT YOURSELF, IVAN.

YOUR UGLY DEFEAT WON'T EVEN BRING JOY TO YOUR ENEMIES.

OPEN YOUR EYES, IVAN, THE FLESH FOR MY SOUL.

OPEN YOUR EYES TO YOUR OWN WEAKNESS AND FEEL THE WRETCHEDNESS OF SHAME.

OPEN YOUR EARS AND FEED YOUR ANGER ON THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF YOUR ENEMIES. OPEN YOUR LIPS AND RENEW YOUR VOW OF ETERNAL STRUGGLE.

THE SHADOWS OF FORGETFULNESS THAT YOUR LONG JOURNEY CASTS OVER YOU

HAVE WEAKENED YOUR RAGE AND DEPLETED THE POWER OF YOUR IMMORTALITY

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE CURSES THAT YOU SPAT AT THEM EVEN BEFORE YOU TOOK A BREATH AS A BEING REBORN?

DID YOU FORGET THE PROMISE YOU MADE TO ME AND TO THE DARKNESS?

!

WHAT DOES NETRAPHIM HOPE FOR

BY HELPING ME?

FOOLISH, HALF SOUL KNIGHT...

DON'T YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR IMMORTAL BODY?

I DON'T KNOW

WHY DON'T YOU ENLIGHTEN THIS FOOLISH ONE ABOUT ITS MEANING?

YOUR HEART IS *WARPED.*

JUST LIKE YOUR *DESTINY*

ISN'T YOUR WOUND TELLING YOU..

...THAT THIS IS NOT YOUR BATTLE-GROUND?

I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME TO DO

TUP

IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE

WELL THEN

I... SIT BACK AND WATCH UNTIL THE STAGE IS SET FOR ME

IT MIGHT BE INTERESTING TO BE A SPECTATOR FOR A CHANGE

.....

SO...

YOU'VE SOLD HALF OF YOUR SOUL...

...TO SEEK YOUR REVENGE AGAINST THE ONE WHO'S TORN YOUR DESTINY APART.

YET YOU'RE LIKE A MARIONETTE THAT MOVES ACCORDING TO HIS WISHES. YOU CAN'T BE UNAWARE OF THAT.

WHY?

WHY DO YOU LET SHIFT YOUR DESTINY LIKE A MINDLESS FOOL?

SO THAT I CAN STAND

...IN FRONT OF *HIM!*

IF I CAN STAND IN FRONT OF HIM

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS

EVEN IF THE OTHER HALF OF MY SOUL IS TORN TO SHREDS IN THE PROCESS

AND MY BODY FESTERS IN ITS OWN CURSE

IF I CAN STAND IN FRONT OF HIM SOME DAY.

AND SHOW HIM THE EXTENT OF MY HATE WILL BE CONTENT

IN THE END...

...YOU'RE JUST LIKE ..

..HER.

LOVE AND HATE...

...MAY BEGIN AT DIFFERENT PLACES, BUT THEY BOTH REACH THE SAME DESTINATION.

THEY LEAD TO ATTACHMENT

...AND FOOLISHNESS.

YOU GIVE EVERYTHING YOU HAVE AND STARE AT ONE FIXED SPOT...
...ONLY TO THROW AWAY YOUR LIFE WITHOUT A THOUGHT.

!

GROLL

BENDO STOP IT!

TURN BACK.

THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU.

CLOP

CLOP

GRRRR...

PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE LEARNED...

...TO RESIGN OURSELVES TO FATE FROM THE START.

CLOP CLOP

FATHER!

TUP TUP

I THINK SOME-THING'S HAPPENED ..

TO THE F'RST CONT NGENT

NOT ONLY DID THEY NOT MEET US AT THE APPO NTED SPOT...

..WE CAN' FIND A TRA OF THEM ANYWHERE

THIS IS STRANGE..

PIERRE HAS NEVER...

...FAILED US BEFORE.

DECLARE PIERRE AND THE REST OF HIS PARTY...

MARTYRS!

FATHER?

THE CHAIN... PULL THE CHAIN!!

CLANK!

CLANK!

THAT'S ENOUGH, BASTON!

CALM DOWN!!

VEIGH!!

CLANK!!

WOOO... WHOA... AAAARGH...

HE'S SMELLED SOMETHING.

HURRY! HIS MEDICINE!

BUT IN HIS CURRENT STATE...

FATHER JOSHUA, BASTON IS HAVING A FIT!

HURRY, HELP ME!

FATHER JOSHUA!

PERHAPS IT IS TOO EARLY FOR HIM TO UNDERTAKE THIS MISSION AFTER ALL?

ON THE CONTRARY...

CAN'T YOU SEE?

IT'S THE SMELL OF HERESY THAT EXCITES HIM.

CLANK!!

GRAGH!!

!!

HOW CAN HE CONTAIN THE EXCITE-MENT...

...WHEN THERE'S SO MUCH HE CAN DO FOR GOD...

...IN THIS LAND OF THE UNHOLY!

HOW GREAT HIS GIFT--HIS STRENGTH, HIS PASSION, HIS SHARPENED SENSES...
IF ANYONE CAN BRING AN END TO THIS HERESY, IT IS OUR DEAR BROTHER *BASTON*.

TO BE CONTINUED IN PRIEST IS